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AIRS, DUETTS, CHORUSES, &c.

(1877)

HISTORICAL ROMANCE

BY

The CRUSADES

Price SIX-PENCE

ALB. DUNN'S CHORUSSES, No.

1844

HISTORICAL ROMANCE

W. C. R. L. D. E.



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SONGS, DUETS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

HISTORICAL ROMANCE

OF THE

CRUSADE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand. 1790.

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52'

LONG, DUTTS, CHORUSSE, & CO.

IN THE

HISTORICAL ROMANCE

OF THE

C R U D E

AS SHOWN BY THE

THEATRE ROYAL

GOVERNMENT GARDEN

LONDON:

Printed by G. & J. S. & Co. 1802

CHARACTERS.

SARACENS.

Daran, (<i>Commander in Chief</i>)	-	Mr. BANNISTER.
Adran,	-	Mr. POWELL.
Aluph,	-	Mr. DARLEY.
Bantam,	-	Mr. QUICK.
Joppa,	-	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Tartar Prince,	-	Mr. CUBITT.
Iman,	-	Mr. THOMPSON.
Gaoler,	-	Mr. ROCK.

CHRISTIANS.

Raymond,	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Sir Troubadour,	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Godfrey,	-	Mr. DAVIES.

Sylvia,	-	Mrs. MARTYR.
Constantia,	-	Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Pilgrims, Crusaders, Saracens, &c.

CHARACTER

SAAC

Mr. HARRINGTON	-	Mr. HARRINGTON
Mr. HOWELL	-	Mr. HOWELL
Mr. JAMES	-	Mr. JAMES
Mr. QUICK	-	Mr. QUICK
Mr. RICHARD	-	Mr. RICHARD
Mr. GORDON	-	Mr. GORDON
Mr. THOMPSON	-	Mr. THOMPSON
Mr. ROSS	-	Mr. ROSS

CHRISTIAN

Mr. JENNINGS	-	Mr. JENNINGS
Mr. DAVIS	-	Mr. DAVIS
Mr. MARTIN	-	Mr. MARTIN
Mr. BELL	-	Mr. BELL

Original, Captain, Garrison, etc.

SONGS, DUETS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

C R U S A D E.

ACT I.

CHORUS.—HANDEL.

OH, give them thunder and wind.
Fire mingled with the storm run with flame
among the fleet.

SONG.—*Daran.*

HARK! the distant piercing shrieks
Of shipwreck'd sailors round;
The billows break, the vessels sink, !
And tempests thicken round:
But Saracens no pity shew,
They triumph o'er the fall'n foe.

See! on yonder shatter'd plank
A wretch for mercy calls;
In vain he hopes, for now it sinks,
Down to the bottom falls.
But Saracens, &c.

AIR

A I R ——— *Constantia.*

HAVE we cross'd the boist'rous main,
 Trod each dreary, sandy plain,
 Have we in the desert slept,
 Daily toil'd, and nightly wept,
 Left our peaceful native lands,
 But to die by savage hands?

A I R ——— *Aluph.*

When war begins, and clashing arms resound,
 And spears are shiver'd in the fight,
 When dying groans are heard around,
 And day grows darker to the fight;
 Then with the torrent's force I go,
 And fate directs the mighty blow.

II.

But when the lute breathes forth an am'rous air,
 My soul enraptur'd leaps to meet the fair;
 By love, triumphant love oppress'd,
 I gaze, I sigh,
 I pant, I die;
 And gazing, sighing,
 Panting, dying,
 Sink on the Charmer's breast.

A I R

A I R——*Sylvia.*

WE women are fiercest in fight,
 And laugh at the men and their might;
 The Soldier submits to the Maid,
 For Beauty's the sword that we wield,
 And Modesty, sure, is the shield;
 Then huzza for the Female Crusade!

H.

Our arrows most piercingly fly,
 With a comical glance of the eye,
 And humble the war-giving blade;
 When wounded, the hero looks pale,
 Hangs his ears like an ass, and turns tail;
 Then huzza for the Female Crusade!

A I R——*Sir Troubadour.*

THE Knight inspir'd with conqu'ring war,
 Delights to wield his shield and spear.

Oh, curse on this gout, such a foe to all fighting,
 It quite overcomes me, tho' cas'd up in steel;
 For while it is constantly tearing and biting,
 I freely confess that I know what I feel.

B

Lord,

Lord, how it twitches!
 Smarts as it itches!
 Devil ne'er felt such a torment before:
 Again now it pinches!
 It kills me by inches;
 A hundred mad cats wou'dn't tickle me more

But hark, the lofty trumpet sounds,
 And calls again to war.

O curse on this gout, &c.

A I R——*Sir Troubadour.*

SHE is the fairest, sweetest Fair,
 The loveliest that e'er walk'd, fir;
 So beautiful, she ne'er was seen,
 So witty, she ne'er talk'd, fir:
 She never dares to contradict,
 Or even think of billing;
 She neither dresses, eats or drinks,
 Or costs a single shilling.

Then where's the knight who would not give
 The girl so fair a bonny bus?
 What married man who would not wish
 His wife, fir, an Anonymus?

While

II.

While other livers weep and sigh,
 And daily, nightly, watch, sir,
 I love a princess in the sky,
 Who cannot fight or scratch, sir.
 In two things more she far outdoes
 All other wedded ladies---
 Her husband never can have horns,
 Or, what is worse, sir, babies.
 Then where's the knight, &c.

HANDEL---CHORUS---*Crusaders.*

LET not warriors be dismay'd,
 Let not fear your breasts invade;
 For fame is the treasure
 We follow with pleasure,
 The life of the Crusade.

ACT.

A C T II.

HANDEL---CHORUS---*Crusaders.*

HASTE to arms, the foe appall;
 Storm the bridge, ascend the wall;
 Mount, ye brave! see, see, they rise!
 Now with fury they oppose,
 Now the glorious battle glows!

G L E E---*Old words*

BANISH sorrow, grief's a folly,
 Thought unbend thy wrinkled brow,
 Hence dull care and melancholy,
 Mirth and joy invite us now.
 Bacchus empties all his treasure,
 Comus brings us wit and song!
 Follow, follow, follow, pleasure,
 Let us join the jovial throng.

II.

The love-sick swain who sighs and simpers,
 T'other bottle would set free,
 Nor artful smiles nor amorous dimples
 E'er could fetter you or me.
 We for courtship have no leisure,
 Bumpers yield us better joys,
 Follow, follow, follow pleasure,
 While thus mirth our time employs.

Why

III.

Why then should dull cares perplex us,
 Why should we not jovial be,
 Since we're here we've nought to vex us,
 Bumpers set from care all free?
 Then let's have bumpers without measure,
 Let's be gay while time we have,
 Follow, follow, follow, pleasure.
 There's no drinking in the grave.

A I R—Joppa.

LISTEN to the miracles that Joppa does di-
 vine t'ye,
 Mark what I prophesy,
 Will pass in anno domini,
 One thousand seven hundred and ninety.
 Listen to the miracles.

II.

The Knight now his helmet on, his sword and
 falcion handles,
 But knights then as thick as hops,
 In bushy bobs will keep their shops,
 And deal, good lack, in figs and tripe, and soap
 and tallow candles.

Listen &c.

No

iv.

No tournaments the nobles then, like ours will
 take delight in,
 No holy war be kept in view,
 But should a Christian box a Jew,
 There'll be plenty to espouse such a holy prize
 fighting.

Listen, &c.

Folly will like wild-fire run, nought will ever
 cool it.

Much more I could prophesy,
 Yet spite of such calamity,
 The nation will be happy in a monarch that
 will rule it.

A I R---*Raymond.*

JERUSALEM to enter, each danger now I
 prove,
 And scorn severest suff'rance to rescue her I love.
 But Oh! if valour should be vain I'll have
 recourse to art,
 And reobtain by stratagem the treasure of my
 heart.

Alas

Alas, the lover's spirit in absence is a flow'r
 That languishes for sun-shine, but meets the
 frozen show'r;
 The cruel breezes shatter it, and drooping in
 the glade,
 It sheds its promis'd sweets to earth, and all
 its honours fade.

A I R---*Sir Troubadour.*

YOU come into the pefence, and there you do
 fee,
 Your princely prince of princes fo gallant and
 fo free.
 I fay unto Myself who can thefe followers
 be,
 That dare to stare and wear their hair as they'd
 out-whifker me ?
 Why, blind fools, bafe fools, you fhall have no
 quarter,
 But find unto your coft that you have caught a
 tartar.
 Ods bobs here's fun ! a prince with but one
 boot on,
 One royal leg without,
 So none fhall have preferment,
 Unless he's got the gout.

My

My ministers of state must never fret nor fume,
I live to laugh and quaff, and hate all grief and
gloom;

So listen vassals all, should any one presume
To pout, and flout, and scout the gout, I'll kick
them round the room;

What, dread drubs! poor scrubs! can't you
plainly spy,

That you can kick, at least, full twice as well
as I?

Ods bobs! here's fun; point the toe with
flannel on,

But let them laugh that win,
Your prince can't kick you out,
So you may all stay in.

A I R—*Aluph.*

BATTLE first my soul employs,
Next comes love with all its joys;
And liquor crown my daily toys.

Give me then, ye powers divine,
Give me women war and wine.

Battle

Battle makes me madly vain,
 Love steals in and cools the flame.
 But liquor makes me mad again.

Give me then, ye powers divine,
 Give me women, war and wine
 Let me fight and never fly,
 Let me love and never sigh,
 Let me drink until I die.

Give me then, ye powers divine,
 Give me women, war and wine !

D U E T T and C H O R U S.

LOOK down, ye awful powers,
 Save, Oh, save us,
 Lighten our heavy hours,
 Fiends enslave us ;
 Shed thy mercy o'er their woes,
 Tortures rend us,
 Heaven sometimes pities foes ;
 Death befriend us.

A I R---*Constantia.*

GO and tell a hapless lover,
 Tho' torn with every fear,
 Go, and say, tho' hope is over,
 And ceaseless woe is near ;
 Still the mind to those moments of sunshine
 shall rove,
 When friendship first budded and blossom'd to
 love.

C

Go

(18)

Go, and paint the place of danger,
The awful scene around,
Say, to every joy a stranger,
And rent with many a wound.

Still the mind, &c.

Go, and tell him, if surviving,
To some happier fair one fly,
Say alone I lov'd him living,
And bless him as I die.

For the mind, &c.

HANDEL,---CHORUS---*Saracens.*

AWAY, let drum and trumpets sound,
Let happy fertile Palestine rebound,
Constantia Queen of Tartar plains is crown'd.

ACT

A C T III.

A I R---*Constantia.*

LEAD me now to gloomy dungeons,
Onward lead where captives lie,
Not complaining,
Life disdaining,
Oh ! how pleasing tis to die !
What is life ? an empty bubble,
What's the world but strife and trouble ?
Yet 'tis joy to fall with glory,
Bless'd by those for whom I strove ;
When I'm dead, they'll mourn my story,
And applaud my generous love.

A I R---*Troubadour.*

KNIGHTS-errant of old,
By their titles we're told,
Thought more of their stomachs than fame ;
Each knight from some treat,
Some plant or some meat,
Uncourteously borrow'd his name.

C 2

SCOTCH

SCOTCH TUNE----“ *Corn Rigs.*”

De'el burn you all, quoth St. Andrew,
Let other Knights gang whistle,
The bonny Scotsman kens his foes,
And scratches with his thistle.

WELCH----“ *Oh, be de nos.*”

Now, Cotsplod, quoth St. David,
Oh, pless the Leek !
Inteed the Welch Knight peats the Scot;
Oh, pless the Leek !
Milk; Cheese, and Curds, and Nanny Goats,
With other treats we Taffies view,
And tear and swear, and fight, look you,
Oh, pless the Leek !

FRENCH----“ *Young Colin stole my heart away.*”

St. Dennis dî, mes chere amis,
En verite behold a me,
We French Knights dance away, d'ye see,
And fight for Frogs and Fricassee.

IRISH----“ *Ally Croaker.*”

St. Patrick hot as light'ning with whisky and
old Bumbo,
Cried out, “don't bother thus, with noise
and Hurlo Thrumbo;

Here's

Here's one with his Shilaly will suddenly all
beat ye,
Unless your Frogs and Thistles yield to Pat
and his Potaty.
Oh, the plump Potaty,
The pretty plump Potaty.

ENGLISH-----"Rule Britannia."

When Errant Knights in proud array,
Assembled first on Clermont's plain,
This was the burden of their lay,
And every Champion join'd the strain :
St. George forever ! for ever live the chief,
St. George, Old England and roast beef.
Oh the roast beef of Old England,
And Oh the Old-English roast beef !

A I R---Joppa.

COME forth, pale spirit of despair,
Come from your cavern if you dare ;
Presumptuous vision, Imp of night,
'Tis Joppa calls you to the fight.

See ! there he is again,
I feel prophetic pain ;
Oh, Lord ! I hear him cough ;
Indeed we'd best be off ;
If he should speak, I die,
So, Will-o'-the-Wisp, good bye.

G L E E.

Ray. She may trust in the truth,
Which I've kept since my youth,
And I'll tell you the reason why,
Could any other lover,
Such a mistress discover,
He'd then be as constant as I.

Let our love and our friendship live, live, live,
Let the bells and the tabors sound,
Give but Constantia's Hopes success,
And my own shall soon be crown'd.

Sir Trou. There's a triumph in charms,
But a greater in arms,
And I'll tell you the reason why,
A lover is whining,
While Knights Errant are shining,
Then who's such a champion as I?
Let the shield and the spear shine bright, bright,
bright,

Let the pipes and the bugles sound;
Give but Sir Troubadour room enough,
And he'll ever keep his ground.

Ban. There's a glory in war,
Which exceeds you by far,
And I'll tell you the reason why;
A Knight loves his lance, fir,
A lover romance, fir,
But I whilst in battle would die.

Let the war and the havoc rage, rage, rage;
Let the fifes and the drums resound,
Give little Bantam boys force enough,
And my fame shall still be crown'd.

A I R

A I R---*Sylvia.*

O, could I breath the notes,
 Which evening songsters raise,
 In warble wild from plaintive throats,
 I'd melt thee with my lays.
 But my sweet strain can faintly move
 The heart to pity or to love.

A I R.---*Daran.*

OUR spears we prepare,
 To the forests repair,
 And chase from the covert the boar ;
 O'er mountains he sweeps,
 Through desarts and steeps,
 Till our javelins are drench'd in his gore;
 Then madly foaming,
 Deeply groaning,
 The forests re-echo his cries ;
 The pulse of life rushes,
 A stream of blood gushes,
 And writhing in torture he dies.
 Thus we'll hunt the Christian slaves,
 Chase them from their gloomy caves,
 And death shall rush on like a flood :
 While they welter in gore,
 We'll laugh, shout and roar,
 And revel in carnage and blood.

A I R

A I R——*Constantia.*

PEACE and triumph reigning,
Future contest now disdaining,
Crusades shall be joyous;
Our choicest wishes crown'd,
Terror can't annoy us,
Tyrants can't destroy us,
But songs of conquest sound,
Oh! in what scenes of anguish
We lately all did languish,
Now joy and pleasure sway!

HANDEL——CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, Christian power,
Welcome now the festive hour,
Welcome musick's chearful strains,
Sounding triumph o'er our plains;
Godfrey now, the foes o'erthrown,
Welcome to the Christian crown;
Saracens no more shall sway,
Crusaders ever bless the day!



THE END.